

To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
John Plackett, Esq; Mayor,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgessees,
And the Rest of the Worthy INHABITANTS of the
TOWN of NORTHAMPTON;
This Yearly BILL of MORTALITY
Is presented by their most Obedient and Humble Servant,

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS.

The Bill of Mortality within the Parish of *All-Saints* in the Town of *Northampton*,
from the 21st Day of *Dec* 1751, to the 21st Day of *Dec.* 1752; inclusive
of the Persons (in Number 4) buried from the *County Infirmary*. And also
those buried at the *Quakers Burying-Ground* 6. The Meeting in *College-*
Lane 0. The Meeting on the *Green* 1.

D I S E A S E S.												
A	Bortive, &c.	—	—	5	Consumption	—	—	25	Flux	—	—	1
	Aged	—	—	14	Childbed	—	—	2	Fevers	—	—	4
	Apoplexy	—	—	3	Chincough	—	—	1	Mortification	—	—	3
	Cancer	—	—	1	Convulsion	—	—	13	Teeth	—	—	6
					Dropsy	—	—	3	Thrush	—	—	1
									Casualty drowned	—	—	1

CHRISTENED,
Males 30. Females 41. Total 71.

BURIED,
Males 43. Females 40. Total 83. Decreased 5.

Whereof have dy'd,												
Under Two Years old	-	-	31	Ten and Twenty	-	-	-	1	Sixty and Seventy	-	-	4
	Between Two and Five	-		Twenty and Thirty	-	-	-	8	Seventy and Eighty	-	-	7
	Five and Ten	-		Thirty and Forty	-	-	-	7	Eighty and Ninety	-	-	4
				Forty and Fifty	-	-	-	6				
				Fifty and Sixty	-	-	-	6				

CHRISTENED.				BURIED.			
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.	
ALL-SAINTS.	30	41	71	43	40	83	
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	16	17	33	9	13	22	
St. GILES'S.	18	18	36	12	10	22	
St. PETER'S.	2	2	4	4	2	6	
At the Meeting in St. Peter's Parish				5	6	11	
In the whole Town.	66	78	144	73	71	144	
Increased - - - 2				Decreased - - - 27			

MY soul, the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on th' important day;
When, in the icy arms of death
I must give up my vital breath.
Look forward to the moving scene,
How wilt thou be affected then?
When from on high some sharp disease,
Resistless, shall my vitals seize?
When medicine shall be in vain,
To heal the stroke, or ease the pain?
When nature yields, and art shall fail,
And still the malady prevail?
When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses flow,

The eyes grow dim, and short the breath,
(Presages of approaching death?)
When clammy sweats, thro' ev'ry part,
Shew life's retreating to the heart,
Its last resistance there to make,
And then the breathless frame forsake?
When all my Friends stand hopeless by,
And, weeping, wait to see me die;
But can afford me no relief,
To ease their own, or heal my grief?
When worldly glories fade away,
Fast as I feel my Life decay:
Still dwindling 'till they disappear,
Like vapours scatter'd in the air?

When all eternity's in sight,
The brightest day, the blackest night?
One shock will break the building down,
And let thee into worlds unknown?
Oh! come, my soul, the matter weigh,
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay,
And how the unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity?
By faith the heav'nly realms explore,
Oft' try thy wings, and upward soar:
Be dead to earth, dwell much on high,
Then calmly live, and bravely die.